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THE ENGINEERS' ROUNDUP

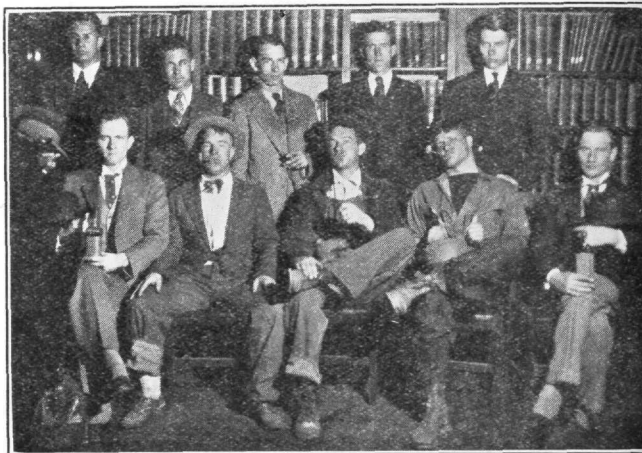
The Annual Debacle - - Bigger and Better in Every Way!

EDITOR'S NOTE: Our reporter evidently thought he was a divinity student from Capital University, from the looks of the first two paragraphs of this literary masterpiece. However, we ask the kind indulgence of our readers (both of them) through this part. The remainder isn't quite so unbearable.

And it came to pass in the fall of the year that the tribe of the Engineers did journey unto Robinson Lab. for the celebration of the Roundup. On this occasion were the wives and sweethearts of the men unwelcome, for the feast of the Roundup is strictly stag. And as each man entered the gates and paid his tribute to the powers, lo, he was presented with an apple of scarlet hue and a pipe made from the cob of the corn, filled with tobacco of a marvelous strength. The tribute of one thin, which was rendered at the gate, was supplemented by another one thin, which he must surrender before being relieved of his raiment. From there he was escorted to a choice seat in the beautiful auditorium upon whose stage were to be enacted the wonderful performances of the Societies. Many burning splints were exhausted and much flint and steel was used up ere the inexperienced were able to get their furnaces burning with the proper draft and it was rumored the next day that many were suffering from sore tongues, as the cob of the corn has a rare fragrance not to be found elsewhere. Even the wisemen and sages were reported to have indulged in this sport of blowing smoke skyward from the corn furnaces. However, no proof of this could be found the next day and King Rightmire had no grounds on which to dismiss his learned wisemen. The crowd was not generally unruly, however, except that many indulged in the game of throwing the cores of the fruit made famous by Adam and Eve.

The first act, which was scheduled for 7:30, began promptly at 8:30. This was the skit put on by the A.I.Ch.E. and, since it was so ably reported in our esteemed contemporary, *The Columbus Evening Dispatch*, we feel that further comment is unnecessary, except to slyly remark that while we admire publicity and the ability of some to acquire it, too much is enough. The Ceramics' title of "A Slight Misunderstanding" was so potent that some of the big actors failed to show up and so there was no act.

Following this came the prize act of the evening, the "Medicine Show" presented by the A.S.M.E. in which Joe Walkup and Jo Smith, as high powered city slickers, tried to sell to a trio of hicks a patent medicine known as "A.S.M.E. Pain Pills—Patents Pending." The country jakes were ably portrayed by Bill Nesser, Bob Horn, and Dick Ricketts. Slicker Walkup must have spent the greater part of his life perfecting his line, which is about three miles long and nearly as wide. Mr. Smith kept his audience in tears (of laughter) by reading testimonials from several members of the faculty, incidentally mimicking John Russ perfectly. The running fire of comments from the three rubes was most humorous and served to season the other boys' gab. The skit ended with a harmonious rendition



THE PRIZE-WINNING MECHANICALS

Left to Right—Billings, Woodward, Townsend, Aerni, Holt; Walkup, Nesser, Ricketts, Horn, Jo Smith

of the "Lydia Pinkham Song" by Messrs. Billings, Ricketts, Nesser, Walkup, and Smith.

Next came the Electricals' "Comments from a Visitor," which was supposed to portray a learned gentleman from Mars commenting on our scientific developments here on earth. Several of the alleged wisecrackers were rather witty but on the whole the act suffered by coming right after the medicine show.

After this came the Annual Tau Beta Pi Scholarship Award. Jay M. Roth made the presentation speech and this year there were two recipients. Both Herbert L. Barneby and Charles O. Wheeler made straight four-point averages during their freshman year. Some thought that the boys should be given one slide rule on a partnership basis as anyone who can make an A average shouldn't need a slide rule all the time, anyway. However, the Tau Betes were very generous and gave a slip stick to each of the boys.

Now followed the annual mad stampede for refreshments. This rush is traditional and would be decidedly missed if it were not present; nevertheless many gave up in despair and returned to their seats with their thirst unrequited. Others who were lucky enough to get served found themselves obliged to sit in the rearmost (if there is such a word) chairs.

Charley Lucal, the master of ceremonies, opened the second spasm by announcing the S.S.I.E. skit in which S. E. Jackson proved himself to be a talented reader, uke player, radio announcer, and prop boy. Swathed in a multi-hued robe, he favored the audience with a classical gem of poetry.

Last of the student acts came the Civils' "Long Yawn." As usual, Hank Sherman was the guiding hand, ably assisted by Bill Burroughs, Howie Bass entertaining at the piano and Jack Dumbauld, star tap dancer from Scarlet Mask, entertaining the boys with his intricate foot-work. Hank's telephone conversation with the Dean was funny to say the least, while Bill Burrough's scientific

discourse on "The Feminine Popularity Curve" was most enlightening and amusing. His get-up drew many laughs also. Attired in full evening dress and with a collapsible stovepipe hat he looked every inch a gentleman.

Said Bill, thumping his fist, cane, and feet, alternately: "Mr. Chairman, gentlemen, and engineers of The Ohio State University: I regret as I stand here before a technical audience that my training has been in the field of Arts and Letters; however, I trust that throwing in a few slide rule computations and introducing a curve here and there will not throw your attention into chaos and confusion. This, gentlemen, is merely a syllabus and compilation of experimenters, investigators, and prognosticators in this delicate field from remotest antiquity. Such a subject has been baffling the all-wise Solomons who conduct the Sunday magazine section of papers like *The New York Times* and *The Hillsboro Gazette*.

"To prepare this cumbersome calumny I have sought Socrates, plowed through Plato, and spanned Spinoza. The research of centuries—the results of extensive hand performed experiments have been culled, collected, and culminated in order to perfect and bring to conclusive conclusion this vexing enigma. Popularity. So, gentlemen, this work—this bold generalization, announces the outstanding essential in modern femininity.

"And now that I have briefly introduced the tenure of the topic, I shall expose for but the second time in the United States (the first time in Quebec) how the popularity coefficient of woman is derived. I may say, as a preface, that the coefficient is merely empirical and that is why it has met with such great success (Look at Jimmie Boyd's secant formula!). First, gentlemen, it is agreed by everyone that a young lady's popularity is directly proportional to her pulchritude. Second, gentlemen, where in the audience is there a man who likes a dumb-head—one who takes a fork-full of mashed potatoes and has to think whether or not to put them into her mouth? Therefore, her popularity is directly proportional to her intelligence quotient (I.Q.). Third, gentlemen, where would Flo Ziegfeld be today had it not been for the attention he paid to the slenderness ratio? I mean, by that, gentlemen, her total height divided by her least radius of gyration about the axis O—O. Fourth, gentlemen, it is assumed that there is a little bit of bad in every good little girl. For a period we were perplexed as to

how to enter such a quality—shall I say such a feminine virtue? And so, after no small deliberation, we devised the term *Moral Resistance*. Gentlemen, this covers a multitude of sins. Is it not obvious, therefore, that Popularity is inversely proportional to Moral Resistance? We now have Pulchritude, Intelligence Quotient, Slenderness Ratio over Moral Resistance. When this was first devised we thought we had the formula complete, but our first slip was discovered when applying it to a giantess on Keith's Circuit. She was 7 feet 2 inches tall and built in proportion. She had a kind and sympathetic disposition, like a wounded rhinoceros, and about as much popularity as the square root of minus one. So, gentlemen, we discovered that avoirdupois after all was a vital factor in determining Popularity, and is applied in the formula as being inversely proportional to Popularity. We now have Pulchritude, Intelligence Quotient, Slenderness Ratio over Moral Resistance times Hundred Weight. More tersely expressed, $\text{Pul.} \times \text{I.Q. per Moral Hundred Weight}$ or to abridge further what we popularity investigators commonly term the Ott unit or Ott's. For all practical purposes the formula is complete as it stands and in 1922 I thought I had attained the acme of success, until one night I had given an address in London for the nobility, after which Lord Chester, Lord Hamworth, and Duke Flannelmouth all came up to congratulate me and have me run their respective ladies through the formula. Well, men, I have seen low coefficients—but these looked like the sine of one degree. And so in order to save my reputation, their family pride, and the ladies' faces, I then and there devised the biased constant. The formula now stands $\text{Pul.} \times \text{I.Q. per Moral Hundred Weight divided by C}$; C being the constant.

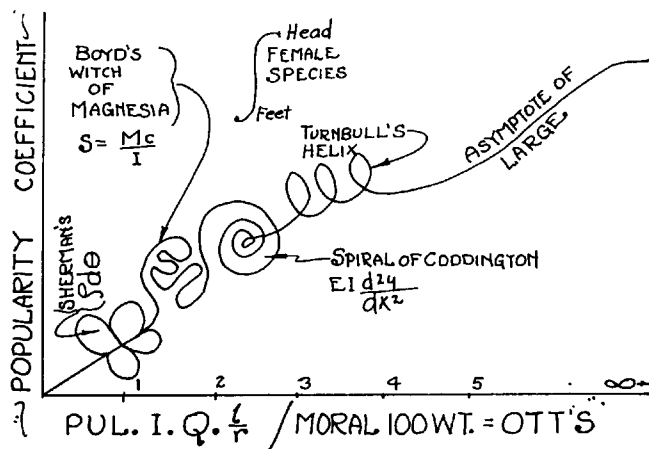
"Just a word, gentlemen, about this constant—this overlooks fallen arches, round shoulders, dew laps, Franklin teeth, balcony shins, halitosis, and B. O.

"So much for the derivation and with your permission I will refer to a few curves which have been deduced from the observations.

"Now, the first curve on the subject dates back about the time of the War of the Roses. This was cooked up by Joe Meatball, more as an expression of the times than anything else. He plotted Desirability (today we are prone to call this Sex Appeal) against Make-Up. Back in these days they put out some miserable cosmetics, so I leave you to guess what the Sex Appeal amounted to."

The second curve was put out by a Frenchman with Scotch-Irish parents and has met with real success in this country. His cognomen was Rubenstein Buttonhead McGillichucy; he introduced this innovation about 1900. This curve plots Virtue against Love. This met with the almost immediate approval of Elinor Glyn, Sophia Tucker, Isadore Duncan, and Marie Dressler. All their coefficients on this curve came out about 2.1. You can see what the curve omitted in that Elinor Glyn has been thrice a bridesmaid but never a bride.

"Now, gentlemen, with that preface we are in a better position to appreciate what is now the last word—The Knee Plus Ultra. The abscissa represents periods of development as plotted



The Popularity Curve

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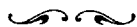


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THE ANNUAL DEBACLE—BIGGER AND BETTER IN EVERY WAY!

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against Pul. I. Q. Per Moral 100 Wt. Consider Sherman's *pdh*, which represents a young lady just getting in the swim; doesn't that look like a swim? Now, in the second stage, Boyd's Witch of Magnesia is indeed on the order of a crow's foot, but tell me, what *femme* has not felt like a crow's foot during some stage of her development?

"Now we get into the Spiral of Coddington. This period represents the time when the young lady doesn't know whether she is coming or going. The curve well represents this, since it apparently doesn't know whether it's coming or going. It wavers and meanders into the Turnbull Helix. I remember, in his class, Turnbull called it Hell-ix (a case of heel *versus* hell), but men, we'll keep it clean. In the Turnbull Helix woman smokes and is in great mental perturbation; you can see for yourself how it goes as a still; how it transcends, transpires, and such into the Asymptote of Large—better known as the Large Asymptote. This curve goes asymptotic to the line of the maximum popularity anyone has ever attained on this campus—that of Miss Lenora Glasgow, which is roughly 799 per cent, clear off of the printed diagram.

"That's all, gentlemen, and those of you who wish to delve further into the intricacies of feminine psychiatry can secure reprints of this curve from President Rightmire, with whom I left some 2,000 copies."

The final event of the evening was the side-splitting Sherman-Turnbull debate. This year the learned gentlemen put aside discussion of material problems and gave us their respective views on the subject of whether "Expression is better than Repression." Professor Sherman argued the affirmative, and quite ably. On the other hand Dean Turnbull soon had us all believing that without repression we were lost. No one could quite decide which had won and the judges were not much help. Their decision was that "expression should be repressed and repression should be expressed." We all left without any very clear ideas on the subject. To go into detail about the debate would be to spoil it so we will let well enough alone and merely say that those who stayed away missed some worthwhile amusement.

By this time it was nearly 11:30 and before the Engineers' Council Award for the best act was presented to the Mechanicals, nearly half of the mob had retired to the checkroom (or as near as they could get to it). All in all, we considered this years' Roundup quite successful, although we missed the Experiment Station atmosphere. In closing, we must not forget to express our thanks to Professor Drees for allowing us to use his section of Robinson Lab.

Soph. E. E.: "Prof. Ohm, how much resistance has a commerce coed?"

Prof.: "You man, if you will turn to page fifty of the text, I think that you will find that the resistance is inversely proportional to the heat."